

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
RICHARD WEST.

..... simplex nec despice carmen,
Nec vatem : non illa leves primordia motus,
Quanquam parva, dabunt. GRAY, *de Princip. Cogit.*

Just Heav'n ! what sin, ere life begins to bloom,
Devotes my head untimely to the tomb ?
Did e'er this hand against a brother's life
Drug the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous knife ?
Did e'er this tongue the stand'rer's tale proclaim,
Or madly violate my Maker's name ?
Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
Or know a thought but all the world might know ?----
But why repine ? does life deserve my sigh ?
Few will lament my loss whene'er I die----
Yet some there are (ere spent my vital days)
Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise :
Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end,
Their praise would crown me as their precepts mend :
To them may these fond lines my name endear,
Not from the poet but the friend sincere. AD AMICOS.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1782.

FOR THE WORLD

RICHARD WEST.

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MISCELLANIES.

Advertisement.

THE life of Mr. West was so short, and the events of it so few, that it was judged better to insert the anecdotes which remain of this hopeful youth in the preceding account of his friend than to reserve them for a detached article. Mr. Walpole wished to see their Works united in one volume. The only objection of Mr. Gray to this wish no longer now remains. Had he complied with Mr. Walpole's desire, it is the opinion of Mr. Mason that he would have given only the poems which follow.

AD AMICOS.

[Imitated from Tibullus, book iii. elegy 5, and Mr. Pope's letter in sickness to Mr. Steele.]

YES, happy youths! on Camus' sedge side
You feel each joy that friendship can divide,
Each realm of science and of art explore,
And with the ancient blend the modern lore,
Studious alone to learn whate'er may tend 5
To raise the genius or the heart to mend;
Now pleas'd along the cloister'd walks you rove,
And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
Where social oft' and oft' alone ye chuse
To catch the zephir and to court the Muse; 10

Vos tenet, Etruscis manat quæ fontibus unda,
Unda sub æssivum non adeunda canem.
Nunc autem sacris Baiarum maxima lymphis,
Quum se purpureo vere remittit hiems.

Mean-time at me (while all devoid of art
 These lines give back the image of my heart)
 At me the pow'r that comes or soon or late,
 Or aims or seems to aim the dart of Fate.
 From you remote methinks alone I stand 15
 Like some sad exile in a desert land,
 Around no friends their lenient care to join
 In mutual warmth, and mix their heart with mine.
 Or real pains, or those which fancy raise,
 For ever blot the sunshine of my days; 20
 To sickness still, and still to grief, a prey
 Health turns from me her rosy face away.

Just Heav'n! what sin, ere life begins to bloom,
 Devotes my head untimely to the tomb?
 Did e'er this hand against a brother's life 25
 Drug the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous knife?
 Did e'er this tongue the sland'rer's tale proclaim,
 Or madly violate my Maker's name?
 Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
 Or know a thought but all the world might know? 30

At mihi Persephone nigram deununtiat horam
 Inmerito juveni parce nocere, Dea.
 Non ego tentavi nulli temeranda virorum
 Audax laudandæ sacra docere Deæ.
 Nec mea mortiferis infecit pocula succis
 Dextera, nec quiquam tætra venena dedit.
 Nec nos infana meditantes jurgia mente
 In pia in adversos solvimus ora Deos.

As yet just started from the lists of time, how well
 My growing years have scarcely told their prime;
 Useless as yet thro' life I've idly run,
 No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.
 Ah! who ere autumn's mellowing suns appear 35
 Would pluck the promise of the vernal year,
 Or ere the grapes their purple hue betray
 Tear the crude cluster from the mourning spray?
 Stern pow'r of Fate! whose ebony sceptre rules
 The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools, 40
 Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,
 A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;
 Ah! stay till age shall blast my with'ring face,
 Shake in my head and falter in my pace;
 Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow, 45
 And to the dead my willing shade shall go.

Et nondum cani nigros læsere capillos,
 Nec venit tardo curva Seneeta pede.
 Natalem nostri primum videre parentes
 (Quum cecidit fato consul uterque pari.)
 Quid fraudare juvat vitem crescentibus uvis?
 Et modo nata mala vellere poma manu*?
 Parcite, pallentes undas quicumque renetis,
 Duraque sortiti tertia regna Dei.

* "There is," says Mr. Mason, "a peculiar blemish in this
 "line, arising from the synonymous *mala* and *poma*."---But
 who that can either construe or scan this line could have taken
 these words for *synonymous*?

How weak is man to Reason's judging eye! 30
 Born in this moment, in the next we die;
 Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,
 'Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire,
 In vain our plans of happiness we raise;
 Pain is our lot, and patience is our prize;
 Wealth, lineage, honours, conquest, or a throne,
 Are what the wise would fear to call their own.
 Health is at best a vain precarious thing, 35
 And fair-fac'd youth* is ever on the wing;
 'Tis like the stream afire whose wat'ry bed
 Some blooming plant exalts his flow'ry head,
 Nurs'd by the wave the spreading branches rise,
 Shade all the ground and flourish to the skies; 40
 The waves the while beneath in secret flow,
 And undermine the hollow bank below;
 Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
 Bare all the roots and on their fibres prey.

Elysios olim liceat cognoscere campos,
 Letheamque ratem, Cimmeriosque lacus,
 Quum riuca rugosa pallabant ora senecta,

Atque utinam vano nequidquam terrear aestu!

* "Youth, at the very best, is but a betrayer of human life
 "in a gentler and smoother manner than age; it is like the
 "stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to
 "flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is un-
 "dermining it at the root in secret." *Pope.*

Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride, 65
And sinks untimely in the whelming tide.

But why repine? does life deserve my sigh?
Few will lament my loss whene'er I die.
For those the wretches * I despise or hate
I neither envy nor regard their fate. 70

For me whene'er all-conq'ring Death shall spread
His wings around my unrepining head

I care not †: tho' this face be seen no more
The world will pass as cheerful as before,

Bright as before the day-star will appear, 75
The fields as verdant and the skies as clear;

Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,
Nor signs on earth nor portents in the air;

Unknown and silent will depart my breath,
Nor Nature e'er take notice of my death. 80

Yet some there are (ere spent my vital days)
Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise:

Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end,
Their praise would crown me as their precepts mend:

To them may these fond lines my name endear,
Not from the poet but the friend sincere ‡. 86

* "I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men
whom I never had any esteem for are likely to enjoy this
world after me." *Pope*.

† "The morning after my exit the sun will rise as bright as
ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green;
people will laugh, &c." *Pope*.

‡ This Epistle was written from Christ-church Oxford, July
4th 1737, in the 21st year of his age.

ELEGIA.

Quod mihi tam gratæ misisti dona Camænæ,
 Qualia Mænadius Pan Deûs ipse velit,
 Amplector te, Graie, et toto corde reposco,
 Oh desiderium jam nimis usque meum :
 Et mihi rura placent, et me quoq; sæpe volentem 5
 Duxerunt Dryades per sua prata Deæ;
 Sicubi lympba fugit liquido pede, sive virentem,
 Magna decus nemoris, quercus opacat humum :
 Iluc mane novo vagor, illuc vespere sero,
 Et, noto ut jacui gramine, nota cano. 10
 Nec nostræ ignorant divinam Amaryllida sylvæ :
 Ah, si desit amor, nil mihi rura placent.
 Ille jugis habitat Deus, ille in vallibus imis,
 Regnat et in Coelis, regnat et Oceano;
 Ille gregem taurosq; domat, sæviq; leonem 15
 Seminis; ille feros, ultus Adonin, apros :
 Quin et fervet amore nemus, ramoq; sub omni
 Concentu tremulo plurima gaudet avis.
 Duræ etiam in sylvis agitant connubia plantæ,
 Duræ etiam et fertur saxa animasse Venus. 20
 Durior et faxis, et robore durior ille est,
 Sincero siquis pectore amare vetat :
 Non illi in manibus sanctum deponere pignus,
 Non illi arcanum cor aperire velim;
 Nescit amicitias, teneros qui nescit amores : 25
 Ah ! si nulla Venus, nil mihi rura placent.
 Me licet a patriâ longé in tellure juberent

Externâ positum ducere fata dies;
 Si vultus modo amatus adesset, non ego contra
 Plorarem magnos voce querente Deos. 30
 At dulci in gremio curarum oblivia ducens
 Nil cuperem præter posse placere meæ;
 Nec bona fortunæ aspiciens, neq; munera regum,
 Illa intrâ optarem brachia cara mori. 34
Sept. 17th 1738.

ELEGIA.

[*Addressed to Mr. Gray.*]

ERGO desidiæ videor tibi crimine dignus;
 Et meritò: victas do tibi sponte manus.
 Arguor et veteres nimium contemnere Musas,
 Irata et nobis est Medicæa Venus.
 Mene igitur statuas et inania saxa vereri!
 Stultule! marmoreâ quid mihi cum Venere?
 Hic veræ, hic vivæ Veneres, et mille per urbem,
 Quarum nulla queat non placuisse Jovi.
 Cedite Romanæ formosæ et cedite Graiæ,
 Sintque oblita Helenæ nomen et Hermonia! 10
 Et, quascunque refert ætas vetus, Heroïnæ:
 Unus honor nostris jam venit Angliasin.
 Oh quales vultus, Oh quantum numen ocellis!
 I nunc et Tuscas improbe confer opes.
 Ne tamen hæc obtusa nimis præcordia credas,
 Neu me adeo nullâ Pallade progenitum:
 Testor Pieridumque umbras et flumina Pindi
 Me quoque Calliopes semper amasse choros; 16

Et dudum Ausonias urbes, et visere Graias
 Cura est, ingenio si licet ire meo : 20
 Sive est Phidiacum marmor, seu mentoris æra,
 Seu paries Coe nobilis e calamo ;
 Nec minus artificum magna argumenta recentum
 Romanique decus nominis et Veneti :
 Quà Furor et Mavors et sævo in Marmore vultus, 25
 Quaque et formoso mollior ære Venus.
 Quaque loquax spirat fucus, vivique labores,
 Et quicquid calamo dulcius ausa manus :
 Hic nemora, et sola mærens Melibœus in umbrâ,
 Lymphaque muscoso profiliens lapide ; 30
 Illic majus opus, faciesque in pariete major
 Exurgens, Divum et numina Cœlicolum ;
 O vos sælices, quibus hæc cognoscere fas est,
 Et totâ Italiâ, qua patet usque, frui !
 Nulla dies vobis eat injucunda, nec usquam
 Noritis quid sit tempora amara pati. 36

——— *It was the production of four o'clock in the morning,
 while I lay in my bed tossing and coughing, and all un-
 able to sleep.* ———

ANTE omnes morbos importunissima tussis,
 Quâ durare datur, traxitque sub ilia vires :
 Dura etenim versans imo sub pectore regna,
 Perpetuo exercet teneras luctamine costas,
 Oraque distorquet, vocemque immutat anhelam : 5
 Nec cessare locus : sed sævo concita motu
 Molle domat latus, et corpus labor omne fatigat : 11

Unde molesta diem, noctemque in fatore turbant:
 Nec Tua, si mecum Comes hic quondam ad ossa, et
 Verba juvare queant, aut humilem te dolorem
 Sufficiant tua vox dulcis, nec vultus amatus.

ODE.

DEAR Gray! that always in my heart
 Possesses far the better part,
 What mean these sudden blasts that rise,
 And drive the zephirs from the skies?
 O join with mine thy tuneful lay,
 And invoke the tardy May.

Come, fairest nymph! resume thy reign,
 Bring all the Graces in thy train:
 With balmy breath and flow'ry tread
 Rise from thy soft ambrosial bed,
 Where in Elysian slumber bound
 Embow'ring myrtilles veil thee round.

Awake, in all thy glories dress,
 Recall the zephirs from the west;
 Restore the sun, revive the skies,
 At mine and Nature's call arise!
 Great Nature's self upbraids thy stay,
 And misses her accustom'd May.

See! all her works demand thy aid,
 The labours of Pomona fade;
 A plaint is heard from ev'ry tree,
 Each budding flow'ret calls for thee;
 The birds forget to love and sing,
 With storms alone the forests ring.

24

Come then, with Pleasure at thy side,
 Diffuse thy vernal spirit wide;
 Create where'er thou turn'st thy eye
 Peace, plenty, love, and harmony,
 Till ev'ry being share its part
 And heav'n and earth be glad at heart.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF POSIDIPPUS.

PERSPICUI puerum ludentem in margine rivi
 Immerfit vitreae limpidus error aguae:
 At gelido ut mater moribundum e flumine traxit
 Credula, et amplexu funus inane fovet;
 Paulatim puer in dilecto pectore, somno
 Languidus, æternum luminâ composuit.

6

Τὸν τρίετη παίζοντα περὶ φρέαρ Ἀσυδ' ἀνακλῶ,
 εἶδων μορφᾶς κωφὸν ἐπισπάσατο.
 Ἴκ δ' ὕδατος τὸν παῖδα διάβροχον ἄρπασε μάτρη,
 σκεπτομένα ζωᾶς εἴ τινα μοῖραν ἔχει.
 Νύμφας δ' ἔκ ἐμῆγεν ὁ νήπιος, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ γυναι
 μᾶτρός κοιμαθείς τὸν βαδὺν ὕπνον ἔχει.

TO MR. GRAY.

O Mea jucunda comes quietis!
Quæ fere ægrotum solita es levare
Pectus, et sensim ah! nimis ingruentea
Fallere curas:

Quid canes? quanto Lyra dic furore
Gesties, quando hac reducem sodalem
Glauciam * gaudere simul videbis
Meque sub umbra?

* Mr. Gray.

CÆTERA DESIDERANTUR.



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THE END.